

Iolo Morganwg (Edward Williams) – poem about Cowbridge Volunteers

COWBRIDGE VOLUNTEERS.

After a good deal of hunting, I have been able at last to oblige a correspondent with a copy of this old song, written for the above body of men, who had volunteered to defend their country when the great Napoleon was the terror, not only of this country, but of the whole of Europe. The song was written by Mr E. Williams (Iolo Morganwg) early in the present century, and before the battle of Waterloo. Tune, "Bachelor's Hall."—

While war pours around all its terrible storms,
And danger appears in its numberless forms,
We, mid the wild uproar that spreads its alarms,
Volunteered for our country, fly boldly to arms.
At Liberty's call ev'ry soul is awake,
We the field to crush tyranny cheerfully take,
And oppose the sharp steel and the death-
pioned ball,
To barbarous foes that would Briton's enthrall.

CHORUS :

One and all, one and all at liberty call,
To vanquish the foes that would Britons enthrall.
We Sons of Glamorgan, of Britain's old race,
Eye with filial affection our dear native place ;
No nation before us this region possess'd—
To this day 'tis our own, in its plenty were blest ;
The Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman in vain
Strive to bind our forefathers in tyranny's chain ;
Or if we one moment experience a fall,
Soon we sprung from his grasp that would Britons
enthrall.

CHORUS :

One and all ! one and all ! Never long in our fall,
We sprung from his grasp that would Britons
enthrall.

The Norman invader awhile with success
Once trampled our plains, dar'd their natives
oppress ;
But Ivor and Morgan, those chiefs of renown,
Assail'd the fierce despot and tumbled him down ;

enthral.

CHORUS :
 One and all ; one and all ; whether Dutchman or
 Gaul,
 Death awaits ev'ry soul that would Britons
 enthral.

Our country to free from all needless alarms
 On the plains of old *Bovium* we meet under arms,
 Sprung from ancient *Sifarians* who gloriously bled
 In liberty's cause, by *Caractacus* led ;
 To his standard how throng'd an invisible host,
 When Rome's mighty legions insulted their coast,
 In us they revive to repulse the fierce Gaul,
 And all his allies that would Britons enthral.

CHORUS :
 One and all ; one and all ; we repulse the proud
 Gaul,
 And all his allies, that would Britons enthral.
 From rapine's mad font what oppressions are
 hurl'd,
 What huge depredations that deluge the world,
 See 'whelming wide regions that rancours of Hell,
 Haste ! grasp the keen blade, and those furies
 repel.

With all his high threats and his gasconade boast,
 Let him dare set a foot on one inch of our coast ;
 Before our bold onset th' invader shall fall,
 We'll crush ev'ry foe that would Britons enthral.

CHORUS :
 One and all ! one and all ! Each invader must fall,
 Destruction his doom that would Britons enthral.
 For fair ones we love, for our children and wives,
 For friends that have heightened the joys of our
 lives,
 We take up the sword, and with ardour advance
 To humble the pride of unprincipled France ;
 And rather than yield to her tyrant control
 All the blood from our veins in a torrent shall
 roll ;
 Like true British souls in the contest we'll fall,
 Or vanquish all foes that would Britons enthral.

CHORUS :
 One and all ! one and all ! in the contest we'll fall,
 Or vanquish all foes that would Britons enthral.
 Sweet girls of Glamorgan, whose frown we most
 fear
 Than the fiercest of foes tho' their legions appear ;
 We fly to the wars, all pleasures adieu,
 British right to secure, and protection to you ;
 O smile on your heroes that toil under arms,
 By nothing subdued, but the force of your

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 We fly to the wars, all pleasures adieu,
 British right to secure, and protection to you ;
 O smile on your heroes that toil under arms,
 By nothing subdued, but the force of your
 charms ;
 At your feet we cry quarter, the victors o'er all,
 These insolent foes that would Britons enthral.

CHORUS :
 One and all ! one and all ! At your feet
 we now fall,
 Tho' triumphant o'er foes that would Britons en-
 thral.)

E. WILLIAMS (Iolo Morganwg).
 STANZA 3.—IVOR AND MORGAN.

'Cadrawd', writing in the 'South Wales Daily News', 28th August 1895